

What saints are like her ? speak, if you
be !

ECHO, Few
be ^f

Thou dwelPst in rofcks, hart-like !
somewhat then ?

ECHO, What then
? And rocks dwell in her heart! is 'tis
true ?

ECHO,

Tistrue'

Whom she loves best ? know this, cannot
men !

ECHO, Not
men!

Pass him, she loathes ! Then I dismiss you !

ECHO, Miss
you I

What sex to whom, men sue so vain much ?

ECHO, Vain
much ! Furies there fires? and 1 complain
such ?

ECHO, Plain such '

SONNET XC*



[Y MISTRESS' Arms, are these ; fair, clear, and
bright, Argent in midst, where is an
Ogress set, Within an azure ann'let,
placed right. The Crest, two golden bows,
almost near met:

And by this Crest, her power abroad is
known. These Arms, She beareth in the
Field of Love, By bloody colours, where
LOVE'S wrath is shown : But in kind
Passion, milder than the dove,

Her goodly silver ensign, She displays, *Semi
de roses* : at whose lovely sight, All lovers
are subdued ; and vanquished, praise
Those glorious colours, under which they
fight.

I, by these Arms, her captive thrall was
made! And to those Colours, in that Field,

betrayed !